AN OLD-FASHIONED PICTURE.

An old-fashioned picture steals into my dreaming, a picture so soothingly sweet;
A little, low cottage with roses half-hiding the window that looks on the street.
And a woman, within, has a smile for my coming (oh, none were so happy as we!)
While the baby she holds in her arm at the window is waving his kisses to me.

All day at the forge and the anvil I whistled the song she had taught me to sing,
And the words she had sweetened and softened in speaking were timed to my hammer's loud ring.
And on my way home how my heart leaped when reaching a bend in the street I could see
The baby she held in her arms at the window a-waving his kisses to me.

Not gone, but asleep in the churchyard, together, where old-fashioned roses entwine
A wreath for the mossy old stone, they are waiting, those God-given treasures of mine;
And though far away from their rest I have wandered, that old-fashioned picture I see,
And the baby she holds in her arms at the window is waving his kisses to me.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"Then you could not tell whether he had a knife in his hand when he got up on the fatal night or not?" asked Hendricks.

"Ah! No. I was a fool not to think of that; but I could not watch everything. One has to concentrate his mind on a single idea to hypnotize successfully."

"Quite right, doctor; but, having my eyes well open last night, though I did have to look through a slit in that screen over there, I observed that Mr. Whidby, before getting up, seemed to be trying to push something away from him. It was a knife the murderer was trying to give him. And finally when Mr. Whidby did get out of bed his hand was not closed."

"Ah! I see," cried Dr. Lampkin. "I was very stupid."

"Not at all," returned the detective, with a laugh. "I make a great many mistakes, and sometimes my mistakes help me to get on the right track in the end. That was one point you missed. Here is the other. Come over to this window. Do you see anything unusual here?"

"I examined it early this morning," broke in Col. Warrenton, putting on his eye-glasses, "but to save my life I could not guess what you were looking at last night."

The detective put his finger on the window-sill.

"Don't you see that little crack?"

"Plainly now," said Dr. Lampkin; "but it means nothing to me."

Hendricks looked around at the circle of faces.

"After failing to put the knife into Mr. Whidby's hand, the murderer stuck it—a big one it was, too—right here, with the handle up; then he stood away and tried to make Mr. Whidby go to it and take it. He failed three times. You remember how Mr. Whidby would slowly draw near the window and then go back? Well, that is the explanation. The hypnotist could not control his subject sufficiently. What did he do next? He made Mr. Whidby sit on the side of the bed, just as he did last night, you know, for about ten minutes. Then he took the knife himself, hastily, perhaps angrily, for you notice the wood is splintered a little. If he had been perfectly cool he would have drawn it out carefully. He was vexed over his failure to control Mr. Whidby. His next move was to hypnotize Mr. Strong into a merry mood, and then he committed the deed.

"What did he do after that? To me it is as plain as the nose on a man's face, for I made a thorough examination of that corner last night. He stood there with his dripping knife in his hand, and succeeded in controlling Mr. Whidby to the extent of making him go into the other room. He made him touch the murdered man's throat and return to bed. His plan was to make Mr. Whidby sleep till he was found next morning with signs of guilt on him. But, as you know, the cook, who usually called the two men in the morning, was absent. Mr. Whidby slept till late, waked of his own accord, and summoned the police with such an appearance of innocence that he was not arrested."

"We are delighted, and very grateful to you, Mr. Hendricks," said Col. Warrenton, when the detective had concluded. "I'm sure it has taken a load off the minds of this young couple."

"I can only say that I am so happy I cannot express my feelings on the subject," said Miss Delmar. She blushed as she caught Whidby's arm, and they walked from the room.

Hendricks found them in the library a few minutes later, Col. Warrenton and Dr. Lampkin having left the house.

"I have explained all this for a purpose, Mr. Whidby," said he. "As a rule, I make no explanations to anyone till a mystery is completely solved; but I must have your assistance at this point, and I wanted to put you into a more hopeful humor. I think I may add that there is no one so deeply concerned in the discovery and detection of the criminal as you are."

"That's true," said Whidby, "and I feel so pleased with what you have just said that I would work my fingers to the bone to help you."

"Do you think, Mr. Hendricks," asked Miss Delmar, "that, if you don't succeed in capturing the criminal, the circumstances surrounding the affair will reflect on Mr. Whidby?"

"In a way, yes, decidedly," was the reply. "There is not, I think, quite enough evidence to convict Mr. Whidby, but the circumstances are very awkward. If we don't catch some outside party half the world will continue to believe Mr. Whidby guilty."

"Continue?" asked Miss Delmar, with a sudden upward glance; "then you think—?"

"That public opinion is about half divided? Yes. You see, even if we offer the theory of hypnotism, it won't go down with the orthodox world, which doesn't believe in such things. By reading the papers you will see that there is really a great deal of honest doubt of Mr. Whidby's innocence in all parts of the country."

"That's true," sighed the girl. "Oh, please let me help you in some way! I'm sure I ought to be able to do something."

"You shall help me and Mr. Whidby very soon; but I can't remain with you longer now to explain. Could you—how would it suit both of you to meet me here this afternoon at two o'clock?"

"I think I can come," gladly answered Miss Delmar. "Father has forbidden me to see—"

"I know that very well," smiled Hendricks. "You see that you, too, have been watched."

"I understood so," replied the girl; "but I didn't care. I knew my intentions were good."

"I discovered that pretty soon—in fact, the moment I saw you with your veil off," said the detective—"and felt ashamed of my precaution." He had risen and held his watch in his hand. "Will the arrangement suit you, Mr. Whidby?"

"Perfectly," answered Whidby; and Hendricks bowed himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hendricks called a cab at the door and drove to the office of Capt. Welsh. He found Welsh pacing the floor in a fever of impatience.

"I thought you would never turn up in the world," said Welsh, as they took seats. "It seems to me that everything is at a standstill. The city is wild with excitement and demanding that something be done."

Hendricks shrugged his shoulders as if he had only half heard the remark and had been disturbed in some train of thought. He reached for a cigar in a box on the captain's desk, bit the end of it, and then seemed to sink into a reverie again.

Welsh stared at him a moment in vexation, then he said:

"I was on the watch myself at the mayor's last night. About ten o'clock I saw Mrs. Walters slip out on the lawn. She came very cautiously from the rear of the house. I saw her stoop to pick up something near where your umbrella was left, and then she returned by the front door."

Hendricks nodded slowly, but did not look up from the spot on the carpet at which he had been staring for several minutes. Welsh flushed slightly and went on awkwardly:

"I had expected to find out a lot about her early life from a lady friend of mine, but, as bad luck will have it, the lady has left the city for the summer, and I don't exactly know where she has gone. I was thinking of hunting her up and going to see her, if you think—"

Hendricks rose abruptly.

"I must write a letter," he said. "Give me some paper, please."

Welsh's face fell as he rose and drew some writing materials from a drawer and put them before the detective.

"Do you want me to cease my investigations?" he asked, impatiently.

Hendricks dipped a pen in the inkwell, and as he did so he looked up and caught sight of the captain's face.

"Oh, hang it all, captain!" he said—"pardon me; I have not heard half of what you were saying. I only caught enough at the start to know that you were not on the right track. Let the woman alone for awhile. Do you remember I said that if I discovered certain things about a mysterious stranger in the city I should have to begin all over again?"

"Yes, certainly, but—"

"I have begun all over again." And Hendricks began to write hurriedly.

"Can I help you in any way?"

"I am afraid not now, captain. A little later, perhaps; but time is too valuable just now for useless explanations; every minute must count. This is the hardest nut I ever tried to crack."

Welsh said nothing further. He sank into a chair and looked out of a window till Hendricks had finished and sealed his letter.

"Now," said the detective, as he rose and grasped his hat, "I am going out for a little lunch, and then I have an appointment. I shall see you later."

At two o'clock Hendricks rang the bell at the Strong homestead. Whidby himself opened the door.

"Is Miss Delmar here?" asked the detective.

"She has been here several minutes," answered Whidby. "She is in the library."

"Good!" said Hendricks. "Now for business," he went on, cheerily, as he entered the library and bowed to Miss Delmar. "Move up your chairs, both of you. There, that will do. Now, here's what I want to get at. Col. Warrenton was good enough to put me on to a little circumstance which he says he has not mentioned to you, Mr. Whidby, but which we must sift to the bottom. It may lead us to a motive for the crime, and that is what we are looking for. Do you happen to know if your uncle had an enemy of any sort?"

Whidby shook his head thoughtfully.

"I can't think who it could be, if he had one," he said. "On the contrary, uncle seemed to make friends with everyone."

"You don't know much about Mr. Strong's early life which he spent in the mines out west, I believe?"

"No, I don't. He did not speak of it often."

"It is possible, you know, for him to have an enemy even that far back. Matthews, with whom I have talked, remembers your uncle's having a strange visitor here a year or so ago, while you were at the seashore. It seems that Mr. Strong had a sort of quarrel with him, and, for some reason of his own, he requested Matthews not to mention the visitor to you. Now, we must find that fellow if we can."

"But how are you going to do it?" asked Miss Delmar.

"That's what I'm here for," replied Hendricks. "And you are both going to help me. Now, that visitor came here and threatened Mr. Strong about something, so Matthews says, and one who will threaten a man to his face is apt to do so in other ways. Mr. Whidby, do you remember ever having seen your uncle receive any letter which seemed to disturb him at all?"

Whidby reflected a moment, then he looked up with a start.

"Yes; I had not thought of it before, but my uncle has once or twice acted peculiarly after receiving letters. About a month ago he opened a letter at the breakfast table and seemed almost to turn sick over it. He was white and trembled all over. I asked him what was the matter, but he said he felt suddenly faint, and that was all he would tell me. I was concerned about him, and wanted to send for a doctor, but he refused to let me, and declared he was all right. He seemed so unstrung that I felt uneasy. I really feared his mind was affected, so I watched him through the curtains for awhile after he went into the room where he keeps his papers."

"What did he do there? Try—try to think of everything," urged the detective, his eyes glittering as he fixed them on the young man's face.

"He stood at the window," went on Whidby, "and read the letter again. From where I was in the hall I could see the paper quivering in his hands. He remained there for a long time, as if in deep thought, and then threw the envelope into a waste-paper basket, took down a file, and put the letter carefully away."

"Ah, I see. Good, so far!" exclaimed Hendricks. "Do you think you would know that letter again?"

"I don't know; perhaps so. It was in a large, square, bluish envelope, and the sheet was of the same color, and of letter-paper size."

"I am glad you remember those details," said Hendricks. "Now let's inspect that file. May we not go in the room where Mr. Strong kept his papers?"

"Certainly," said Whidby. "The coast is clear. Matthews is staying downstairs. I am answering the doorbell."

"At this young lady's suggestion," said the detective, with a laugh, as they were crossing the hall.

"Pray how did you guess that, I'd like to know?" Miss Delmar asked.

"You were afraid your father would call here, and if Mr. Whidby answered the bell you would have time to hide. Is not that true?"

"Perfectly," replied the girl, with a laugh. "I'm glad he isn't a famous detective. He would have found me out long ago."

When they entered the little room and approached the desk, which was near a

"Continue?" asked Miss Delmar. "Then you think—?"

great iron safe by a window, Whidby started to draw the letter-file from a pile of books and papers on a shelf overhead, but the detective called out: "Hold on! Don't touch it!" and he brought a chair and placed it under the shelf. Then he went to the window, raised the shade as high as it would go, and let in the sunlight; after which he stepped upon the chair, and, with a hand on each end of the shelf, looked carefully at the books and papers on which the file rested.

"Ah, blast his ugly picture!" he ejaculated. "He's nobody's fool!"

"What's the matter?" asked Whidby.

"We shan't find the letter, after all." Hendricks lifted the file and stepped down to the floor.

"Why, you haven't looked," protested Miss Delmar.

"Yes, I have," said the detective, in a disappointed tone. "Those books and papers up there are thickly covered with dust, but the file is comparatively free from it."

"Ah!" said Miss Delmar. "Some one has been handling it."

"Exactly; and quite recently." Hendricks opened the box-like file and began to turn over the papers fastened in by sharp-pointed steel prongs. "Ah! I see they are arranged according to date of arrival. You think, Mr. Whidby, that the letter you remember noticing came about a month ago. Well, we must turn to about the 20th of June. Ah! here is the spot; and, by Jove! our friend was in a hurry—not so very cautious, after all."

"What is it?" asked Whidby.

"He has torn a letter out at this place. And it was a blue one, too, for he has left a tiny fragment of it on the prongs." Hendricks held a minute piece of paper towards Whidby. "Does that look like the paper on which that particular letter was written?"

"I think so."

Hendricks nodded, and put the torn piece into the back part of his watch case. Then, taking the letter-file to the window, he laid it on the end of the desk, and, keeping it open at the place where the letter had been abstracted, he examined it closely.

Miss Delmar drew nearer her lover.

"I do hope he will find the criminal It would make me happier than anything in the world," she whispered.

"I don't think there is much hope," replied Whidby, in a low tone, as he stealthily pressed her hand, his eyes on the broad back of the detective.

"I think there is a great deal," said the girl. "Oh, I should simply be delighted to be able to show papa that you are innocent, after all! He would never object then, you know, for you would be your uncle's legal heir, and worth more money than I could ever expect from papa. If only—"

"By Jove!" Hendricks' startled exclamation drew their eyes to him. He was holding the file close to his face, and examining a letter with his lens.

"What is it?" asked Whidby.

"B-l-o-o-d!" said Hendricks, playfully, in a deep, gurgling tone. "The fellow extracted that letter within two minutes after he cut Strong's throat."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Delmar.

"I find traces of blood on each of the two letters between which the missing one lay. So far, so good! Now, there is but one course of action, and if that fails I shall be at sea; so, Mr. Whidby, keep your wits about you. The letter taken from this file must have been of such a nature that it would associate the writer of it with the crime. That means a good deal. It is quite likely that the murderer witnessed your uncle's reception of the letter and saw him file it away; otherwise he could not have gone to it so readily. Now, what we have to do is to find the envelope you say your uncle threw into the waste-paper basket."

"Impossible," said Whidby.

"Why?"

"Matthews has been looking after the rooms since the maid went off, and he takes out the waste paper as soon as it accumulates. It must have been thrown away several weeks ago."

"Where does he throw such things?"

"I don't know."

"Call him."

Whidby rang, and in a minute Matthews came up from the basement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GOOD OLD INN.

Passing of a Word That Has Played Its Part in History.

It might be interesting to know who was the first person to keep an inn. The word is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and signifies a lodging house; another another term was gest hus, a house for guests; or cumena hus, a house for comers. Near the highroads a few scattered inns were established for the convenience of traveiers over night.

Edward the Confessor ordained that if a traveler remained over three nights in an inn he was to be styled third-night-awn-hinde, and the landlord was answerable for him exactly as though he was one of the servants. A good many alehouses were dotted around Saxon England, and the sturdy early Englishmen spent a great deal of time in them. Chaucer's friar "knew well the tavvern in every town," and Dunstan found it necessary to ordain that a priest "should in nowise be alesop"—that is, a story teller or reciter at an alehouse. Efforts were continually made to keep down the number of inns. In the reign of Edward I. there were but three in the whole of London.

The inns of the middle ages were furnished in a very homely manner. In the fifteenth century the famous St. George inn at Salisbury possessed 13 guest rooms, each with three beds in it, a table on trestles and oaken benches. People ate and slept in the same apartment indiscriminately. At this time titled persons slept on a bed, while commoners had to put up with mattresses—a curious distinction.

In French and German medieval inns a humorous custom prevailed for the punishment of those convicted of talking and boasting too much. A wooden knife was always placed by the side of the president of the table, whose duty and privilege it was to put the boasters to silence by ringing the bell in the blade or blowing the whistle concealed in the handle. He then handed the knife to the man who had been "called down," who kept it until he in turn had a chance of presenting it to some one who proved a greater boaster than himself.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the inns of Paris and London were the gathering places of the wits and literary men of the day; even the noblemen used the inns as a sort of club. The duke of Montague gave a dinner at the Devil, and tradition says the great Elizabeth herself did not disdain to eat pork and peas at the King's Head, in Fenchurch street. An ancient covered metal dish is still exhibited there as the one she used. Most of the famous old literary taverns are now merely a matter of history. The rooms were small and low, with only wooden benches, but the giants of the time used to gather there for the social intercourse they craved. Mine Host was a personal friend of his customers, and the same customers frequented the same inn year after year.—St. Louis Republic.

Ambiguous.

A noted evangelist is fond of telling of his experiences in preaching to the negroes in the south. At the close of one of his meetings a very large old colored woman came up to him and shook his hand warmly while she said: "God bless you, Brudder Jones! You's evahbody's preacher, an' evahbody loves ter heah you preach, an' evah niggah love to heah you; an' Brudder Jones, you preaches mo' like a niggah than an white man that evah lived; an' Brudder Jones, you've got a white skin, but, t'ank de Lawd, you've got a black heart!"—Outlook.

—The most dangerous waters in the world for the passage of ships lie off the east coast of England, Cape Ushant, in France, and Cape Finisterre, in Spain,

BICYCLE ACCIDENTS.

How Far Has the Wheel Made Life More Dangerous?

The bicycle has increased both the health and the hazards, the perils and the pleasures of life; but in exactly which proportion no one knows, and in the nature of things it is extremely difficult to determine how far the bicycle has made life more dangerous.

Accident Assurance, a Boston paper, has collected from the newspapers the bicycle accidents in the United States in August. They numbered 1,450, and the journal which collected them reaches the conclusion that they are about 15 per cent. of the whole number. This is, of course, not much better than a mere guess, though the paper from which we are quoting claims to have reached this conclusion "after careful investigation." These August accidents consist of 46 deaths, 244 fractures, 224 cuts and lacerations, 420 contusions and bruises, 44 dislocations, 89 sprains and 297 injuries to the head.

For an innocent recreation in a single month this will strike most people as a pretty fair list of casualties. Besides the 46 persons reported instantly killed in August there were 48 persons reported as likely to die. Assuming one-half of them as terminating fatally, and there would be 70 deaths from bicycles in August. August is a favorite month for riding. Fairmount park had, for instance, 219,364 riders in August, against 163,675 in September. Accident Assurance concludes that the average number of deaths for the month is 65, of 780 a year. Nearly all the deaths from accidents probably get in the newspapers, so that one may fairly say that the fatal bicycle accidents in this country are from 700 to 800, and nearer 800 than 700. It would surprise no one who knows how much the newspapers do not get to learn that the fatalities reached 1,000.

Taking even 800, this compares with 181 passengers killed in 1896 (year ending June 30), 1,900 railroad employes an 4,406 persons run over by trains. These things are, however, relative. About 5,000,000 bicycles are believed to be in use. If there are 800 deaths, and this means a pretty fair proportion, there is one death annually for 6,250 bicycles. Among trainmen there was in 1896 one death for every 152 employed. This indicates that it is 41 times as dangerous to be a brakeman as to ride a bicycle. No one can certainly object to a risk as small as this. No one looks on a brakeman as foolhardy, and his risk of getting killed is forty-fold that of a bicycle owner's. Out of the passengers carried one out of 2,827,474 was killed. These are not separate passengers as individuals, but as trips. Giving each bicycle owner in 5,000,000 five trips a week of all sorts, long and short, and with 800 deaths there would be one to every 1,562,500 trips. This would make the bicycle just about twice as dangerous, trip for trip—not mile for mile, a very different matter—as railroad riding.

All this is mere approximation, but as far as the death risk goes one may safely say that the bicycle rider has a very much less risk of a fatal accident than a trainman, and that his risk is a good deal greater, say, twice as great, as a railroad passenger's. So far there is some basis for calculation—no very good basis, but better than nothing. When it comes to mere accidents Accident Assurance is at sea. It assumes that only one-sixth to one-seventh, or 15 per cent. of the accidents are reported, and, taking the reported non-fatal accidents only 1,404 for a single month, it concludes that the entire number is about 9,000 per month, or 108,000 a year.

No great trust can be put in a calculation of this sort. If there are about 100,000 bicycle accidents in a year then about one bicycle owner in 50 is injured in each year. Among the trainmen one in ten is injured, so that while the bicycle owner's chance of being killed is 40 times less than a trainman's his chance of being hurt is only one-fifth as great. Again, assuming that bicycles are ridden on the average five times a week, about one bicycle passenger or tripper, so to speak, is hurt out of every 115,000, while among passengers one out of 178,132 is injured, so that the chances of injury on the bicycle to the chances on a railroad train are about as three to two.

The sound conclusion, therefore, is that while bicycle riding is on the whole less safe than riding on a railroad, it has far less hazards than work on railroads. Hazards and perils bicycle riding unquestionably has. This is one of the very best things about it. Our civilization would be but a poor, weak and spiritless thing if 5,000,000 bicycle owners were not glad to face some risk for an invigorating sport.—Philadelphia Press.

American Educational Institutions.

It is certainly something of a tribute to American educational institutions and scholars that when, some years ago, a graduate of Harvard went to Oxford and applied for admittance there to make a special study of Shakespeare for a year, he was told: "Go back to Harvard and Prof. Child. They can teach you far more there than we can here." It seems, however, that this opinion has been expressed before, even at a time when Harvard and American colleges had not nearly attained their present standard, for the elder Edward Everett, in a letter dated as far back as 1818, said, writing from Oxford: "I have been over two months in England and am now visiting Oxford, having passed a week in Cambridge. There is more teaching and more learning in our American Cambridge than there is in both the English universities together, though between them they have four times our number of students."—N. Y. Tribune.

Those Jealous Girls.

"Minnie says when she takes down her hair it reaches the floor."

"It does if she happens to drop it."—Ohio State Journal.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Have Their Uses.—"Everything on earth has its mission." "How about mosquitoes?" "They make us think more kindly of flies."—Chicago Record.

—She—"I give you my word I saw the boat leave the pier!" He—"Well, you didn't suppose it was going to tow the pier along with it, did you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Seeking Objects.—"I understand they are going to move the medical college." "Yes; they want to get a little nearer the football field." — Chicago Evening Post.

—Truthful Sarcasm. — Hall—"What are you doing now?" Gall—"Oh, I'm making a house-to-house canvass to ascertain why people don't want to buy a new patent clothes-wringer."—Chicago News.

—Money in It.—"Hello, Brown! Did you make any money out of your Klondike trip?" "Oh, I did pretty well. I got $500 a week in a dime museum as a living skeleton until I fattened up again."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Scientific Explanation.—Teacher—"Now, can any of you tell me why the distance between the meridians is greater at the equator than in the polar regions? Ah! why is it, Johnny?" Johnny—"Please, mum, it's because heat expands."—Puck.

—They Will Be Welcome.—Spykes—"I see by the papers that electricity has been applied successfully to the forcing of early small fruits." Spokes—"Then I suppose that succeeding years will see ohm-grown strawberries on the market earlier than usual?"—Judge.

—An Additional Suggestion. — "Remember, my boy," said the middle-aged gentleman, "that contentment is better than riches." "Yes," replied the young man, who is something of a philosopher himself; "that is to say, it would be if there were any such thing."—Washington Star.

—Madame (entering a restaurant)—"Do you know if Mr. Miller is here?" Waiter—"Mr. Miller? Isn't he an old man with a big red nose?" Madame—"Yes; that's he—but look here, I want you to understand that my husband is not old, nor is his nose big and red."—Fliegende Blatter.

HALF DOLLARS COME BACK.

Marked Coins Persist in Returning to Their Former Owners.

One day in the summer of 1856, when Albert George and Humphrey Pinhorn, of East Orrington, Me., were in Bangor marketing, they received two half dollars fresh from the mint. As both were young men with plenty of money for their immediate wants, they stamped their initials in stencil upon the coins and took them to a hotel, where they exchanged them for two dinners. In the Lincoln-Douglas campaign of 1860 the two young men, who had become voters, joined the "Wide Awakes," an organization of uniformed republicans, who paraded the towns with torchlights. One evening after a parade in Rockland they went out to supper, and in exchange for a bill paid to the cashier, Pinhorn received a half-dollar marked "H. P." It was the coin he had sent adrift four years before.

The war came on, and both of the young men enlisted, following the fortunes of the Twenty-second Maine regiment. For five or six years after the war there was no silver or gold in circulation, and nothing was seen of the marked coins until the Garfield-Hancock campaign of 1880. Then Mr. George received the half-dollar marked "H. P.," in exchange for beef which he had sold. He turned it over to Mr. Pinhorn, who paid it out for tobacco at the local store. After that the "H. P." half dollar returned frequently. Mr. Pinhorn got it in 1883, Mr. George in 1884 and again in 1885, and Mr. Pinhorn had it three times and in 1891 Mr. George received it and paid it out four times. It was taken in by Mr. George in 1894, after which it made a long sojourn in other parts.

Meantime Mr. George grew anxious about the half dollar which bore his initials and advertised, offering five dollars for its return to him. Several spurious imitations of the real article were sent in and promptly returned, as the stencil marks were not made in the right kind of type. Though he kept an advertisement standing in all the local papers and in two of the Boston dailies for nearly a year he received no tidings of what he wanted. Recently he went to a Bangor bank to get his pension check cashed, and in the money which the cashier passed out were two half dollars. Upon the face of one were the old initials "H. P." and on the other were the letters of his own name, "A. A. G." It was the long-lost half dollar, which he had stamped and spent for a dinner in 1856 and for which he had been offering a reward. Mr. George has framed his half dollar and hung it up over his desk with orders to have it placed in his coffin. The coin marked "H. P." was turned loose again to go out and make a history for itself.—N. Y. Sun.

The Art of Conversation Is a Gift.

A good talker is born, not made. By reading good books, by keeping one's self well informed as to the interesting events of the day, one may become a good conversationalist. Still, the most fascinating talkers are by no means those who know the most, but, instead, those who have the greatest amount of tact, are most sympathetic, versatile, and, most important of all, have that wonderful something that, lacking a better name, we call magnetism.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Giving a Clear Definition.

"What is your definition of a kleptomaniac?" asked the examining lawyer of the witness.

"Well," was the reply, "if I were to hear of a man who in hot weather had a chance to steal a lump of ice and carried off a bod of coal instead, I should call him a kleptomaniac."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.